

# Terms of Publication.

THE WAYNESBURG REPUBLICAN, Office in Sayer's building, east of the Court House, is published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 per annum, in advance, or \$3.50 if not paid within the year. All subscription accounts must be settled annually. No paper will be sent out of the State unless paid for in advance, and all such subscriptions will invariably be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid.

Communications on subjects of local or general interest are respectfully solicited. To ensure attention, the name of the contributor, and for publication, but no guarantee of insertion. All letters pertaining to business of the office must be addressed to the Editor.

## Original.

For the REPUBLICAN.  
AN APPEAL.

To whom it may concern.

Pupil of our Alma Mater,  
Peer, virgin, home, nation,  
O'er the years of this nation,  
Listen to this brief narration.

The first decade of the eighteenth century, (I'm told that eight the year was numbered.)  
Was born, (I skip the genealogy)  
At Cambridge, Mass. Academy,  
Was in distinction, as my home,  
Was married and my home,  
She proved a good and industrious wife,  
An I'll have a good and industrious wife,  
In fact, in Western Pennsylvania,  
She was a good and industrious wife,  
Her sons and daughters grew around her,  
And I'm sure, were the ties that bound her,  
But each she gave an education,  
A fortune that never lacks duration.

Here, then, each sister and each brother,  
Is a testament to our common mother—  
The years of time have rolled away,  
And thou art sixty near, and gray;  
A thousand now are thy descendants,  
And there's a woman married dependent,  
But now each on some purpose bent,  
They've scattered over the continent;  
And, I'll have a good and industrious wife,  
A few have done the heavy work,  
And stood upon the hills of foam,  
Or have perched upon the rocky crag,  
Among the islands of the sea,  
All owe a thousand thanks to thee!

The merchant standing in the mart;  
The son of science, and of art,  
The agriculturalist at his plow,  
Filling with wealth the teeming loam;  
The author in her quiet home;  
The scholar who was taught,  
The hero whose warm blood has brought  
The Union that we love today;  
The many who have passed away—  
The minister, physician, lawyer,  
And every trade and sea and age,  
Now represent thee in life's ranks;  
Each owes to thee a thousand thanks!

Well done the task thou hast set forth;  
Thou hast done it well, and to the credit;  
Thou hast done it well, and to the credit;  
Thou hast done it well, and to the credit;  
Thou hast done it well, and to the credit;  
Thou hast done it well, and to the credit;  
Thou hast done it well, and to the credit;  
Thou hast done it well, and to the credit;

## Select Reading.

From the New York "Tribune,"  
RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

The Tribune.

On the 10th day of April, 1841—a day of most unseasonable chill, and sleet, and snow—our city held her great funeral parade and pageant in honor of our last president, who had died six days before. Gen. Robert Bogardus, the venerable Grand Marshal of the parade, did not long afterward of exposure to its inclemencies. On that leaden morning I issued the first number of *The New York Tribune*. It was a small sheet, for it was to be retailed for a cent, and not much of a newspaper could be afforded for that price, even in those specie-paying times. I had been incited to this enterprise by several Whig friends, who deemed a cheap daily, addressed more especially to the laboring class, eminently needed in our city, where the only two cheap journals then and still existing—*The Sun* and *The Herald*—were in decided, though unavowed, and therefore more effective, sympathy and affiliation with the Democratic party. Two or three had promised pecuniary aid if it should be needed; only one, Mr. James Coggeshall, long since deceased, ever made good that promise, by loaning me \$1,000 which was duly and gratefully repaid, principal and interest. I presume others would have helped me had I asked it; but I never did. Mr. Dudley S. Gregory, who had voluntarily loaned me \$1,000 to sustain *The New Yorker* in the very darkest hour of my fortunes, in 1837, and whom I had but recently repaid, was among my most trusted friends in the outset of my new enterprise, also; but I was able to prosecute it without taxing (I no longer needed to test) his generosity.

My leading idea was the establishment of a journal removed alike from servile partisanship on the one hand and from gaggled, mincing neutrality on the other. Party spirit is so fierce and intolerant in this country that the Editor of a non-partisan sheet is restrained from saying what he thinks and feels on the most vital important topics; while on the other hand, a Democratic, Whig or Republican journal is generally expected to praise or blame, like or dislike, eulogize or condemn, in precise accordance with the views and interest of its party. I believe there was a happy medium between these extremes—a position from which a journalist might openly and heartily advocate the principles and commend the measures of that party to which his convictions allied him yet dissent frankly from its course on a particular question, and even denounce its candidates if they were shown to be deficient in capacity or (far worse) in integrity. I felt that a journal thus loyal to its guiding convictions, yet ready to expose and condemn unworthy conduct or incidental error on the part of men attached to its party, must be far more effective, even party-wise, than though it might always be counted on to applaud or reprobate, bless or

# The Waynesburg Republican.

JAS. E. SAYERS,

FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—Lincoln.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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NO. 26.

course, as the party's prejudices or immediate interest might seem to prescribe. Especially by the Whigs—who were rather the loosely aggregated mainly undisciplined opponents of a great party than, in the stricter sense a party themselves—did I feel that such a journal was consciously needed, and would be fairly sustained. I had been a pretty constant and copious contributor (generally unpaid) to nearly every cheap Whig Journal that had from time to time been started in our city; most of them to fall after a very brief and not particularly bright career; but one—*The New York Whig*, which was throughout most of its existence, under the dignified and conscientious direction of Jacob B. Moore, formerly of *The New Hampshire Journal*—had been continued through two or three years. My familiarity with its history and management gave me confidence that the right sort of a cheap Whig journal would be enabled to live. I had been ten years in New York, was thirty years old, in full health and vigor, and worth I presume, about \$2,000 half of it in printing materials. The *Jeffersonian*, and still more the *Log Cabin*, had made me favorably known to many thousands of those who were most likely to take such a paper as I proposed to make *The Tribune*; while *The New Yorker* had given me some literary standing and the reputation of a useful and well informed compiler of election returns. In short, I was in a better position to undertake the establishment of a daily newspaper than the great mass of those who try it and fail, as most who make the venture do. I presume the new journals (in English) since started in this city number not less than one hundred whereof barely two—*The Times* and *The World*—can be fairly said to be still living; and *The World* is a manuscript within the remains of the *Evening Star*, *The American* and *The Courier and Inquirer*, lie injured; these having long ago swallowed sundry of their predecessors. Yet several of those which meantime lived their little hour and passed away, were conducted by men of decided ability and ripe experience, and were backed by a pecuniary capital at least twenty times greater than the fearfully inadequate sum whereon I started *The Tribune*.

On the intellectual side, my venture was not so rash as it seemed. My own fifteen years' devotion to newspaper-making, in all its phases, was worth far more than will be generally supposed; and I had already secured a first assistant in Mr. Henry J. Raymond, who having for two years, while in college at Burlington, Vt., been a valued contributor to the literary side of *The New Yorker*—had held to the city directly upon graduating, late in 1840, and gladly accepted my offer to hire him at \$8 per week until he could do better. I had not much for him to do till *The Tribune* was started; then I had enough; and I never found another person, barely of age and just from his studies, who evinced so much and so versatile ability in journalism as he did. Able and stronger men I may have met; a cleverer, readier, more generally efficient journalist, I never saw. He remained with me eight years, if my memory serves, and is the only assistant with whom I ever felt required to remunerate for doing more work than any human brain and frame could be expected to endure. His salary was of course gradually increased from time to time; but his services were more valuable in proportion to their cost than those of any one else who ever worked on *The Tribune*.

Mr. George M. Snow, a friend of my own age, who had had considerable mercantile experience, took charge of the Financial and Wall-street department (then far less important than it is now), and retained it for more than twenty-two years; becoming ultimately a heavy stockholder in and a trustee of the concern; resigning his trust only when (in 1863) he departed for Europe in ill health; returning but to the two years later. A large majority of those who aided in preparing or in issuing the first number of *The Tribune* proceeded or have followed Mr. Snow to the Silent Land; but two remain, and are now Foreman and Engineer respectively in the printing department—both stockholders and trustees. Others doubtless, survive who were with us then, but have long since drifted away to the West, to the Pacific slope, or into some other employment, and the places that once knew them know them no more. Twenty-six years witness many changes especially in a city like ours, a position like mine; and I believe that the only man who was Editor of a New York daily before me, and who still remains such, is Mr. James Gordon Bennett of *The Herald*.

About five hundred names of subscribers had already been obtained for *The Tribune*—mainly by my warm personal and political friends, Noah Cook and James Coggeshall—before its first issue, whereof I printed 5,000, and nearly succeeded in giving away all of them that would not sell. I had type, but no presses; and so had to hire my press-work done by the "taken" by my folding and mailing must have staggered me but for the circumstance that I had few papers to mail and not very many to fold. The lack of the present machinery of Railroads and Expresses was a grave obstacle to the circulation of my paper outside of the city's suburbs; but I think its paid-for issues were 2,000 at the close of the first week, and that they increas-

ed pretty steadily, at the rate of 500 per week, till they reached 10,000. My current expenses for the first week were about \$525; my receipts \$92; and though the outgoes steadily, inevitably increased, the income increased in a still larger ratio, till it nearly balanced the former. But I was not made for a publisher; indeed, no man was ever qualified at once to edit and to publish a daily paper such as it must be to live in these times; and it was not until Mr. Thomas McElhath—who I had barely known as a member of the publishing firm over whose store I first set type in this city, but who was now a lawyer in good standing and practice—made me a voluntary and wholly unexpected proffer of partnership in my still struggling but hopeful enterprise, that it might be considered fairly on its feet. He offered to invest \$2,000 as an equivalent to whatever I had in the business, and to devote his time and energies to its management, on the basis of perfect equality in ownership and in sharing the proceeds. This I very gladly accepted; and from that hour my load was palpably lightened. During the ten years or over that *The Tribune* was issued by Greeley & McElhath, my partner never once evinced any anti-Slavery, anti-Hanging, Socialist, and other frequent aberrations from the straight and narrow path of Whig partisanship, were injurious to our common interest, though he most often have sorely felt that they were so; and never, except when I (rarely) drew from the common treasury more money than could well be spared, in order to help some needy friend whom he judged beyond help, did he even look grievous at anything I did. On the other hand, his business management of the concern, though never brilliant nor specially energetic, was so safe and judicious that it gave me no trouble, and scarcely required of me a thought during that long era of all but unclouded prosperity. The transition from the four preceding year of incessant pecuniary anxiety (not absolute embarrassment, like escaping from the dungeon and the rack to freedom and sympathy. Henceforth, such rare pecuniary troubles as I encountered were the just penalties of my own folly in endorsing notes for persons who, in the nature of things, could not rationally be expected to pay them. But these penalties are not to be evaded by those who, soon after entering responsible life, "go into business," as the phrase is, when it is inevitable that they must thereby be involved in debt. He who starts on the basis of dependence on his own proper resources, resolved to extend his business no further and no faster than his means will justify, may fairly refuse to lend what he needs in his own operations, or to endorse for others when he asks no more for himself than he is able to pay. But you cannot ask favors, and then charitably refuse to grant any—borrow, and then frown upon whoever asks you to lend—seek endorsements, but decline to give any; and so the idle, the prodigal, the dissolute, with the thousands foredoomed by their own defects of capacity, of industry, or of management, to chronic bankruptcy, live upon the earnings of the capable, thrifty and provident. Better wait five years to go into business upon adequate means which are properly your own, than to rush in prematurely, trusting to loans, endorsements, and the forbearance of creditors, to help you through. I have squandered much hard-earned money in trying to help others who were already past help, when I not only might but should have saved most of it if I had never, needing help, sought and received it. As it is, I trust that my general obligation has been fully discharged.

*The Tribune*, as it first appeared, was but the germ of what I sought to make it. No journal sold for a cent could ever be much more than a dry summary of the most important or the most interesting occurrences of the day; and such is not a newspaper, in the higher sense of the term. We need not know, not only what is done, but what is purposed and said, by those who sway the destinies of states and realms; and, to this end, the prompt personal of the manifestoes of monarchs, presidents, ministers, legislators, etc., is indispensable. No man is even tolerably informed in our day who does not regularly "keep the run" of events and opinions, through the daily perusal of at least one good journal; and the ready avowal that "no one can read" all that a great modern journal contains, only proves the ignorance or thoughtlessness of the cavalier. No one person is expected to take such an interest in the rise and fall of stocks, the markets for cotton, cattle, grain, and goods, the proceedings of Europe and the ever-shifting phases of Spanish-American anarchy, etc., as would invite him to a daily perusal of the entire contents of a metropolitan city journal of the first rank. The idea is rather to embody in a single sheet the information daily required by all those who aim to keep "posted" on all important occurrences; so that the lawyer, the merchant, the banker, the forwarder, the economist, the author, the politician, etc., may find here whatever he needs to see, and be spared the trouble of looking elsewhere. A copy of a great morning journal now contains more matter than any average 12mo volume, and its production costs far more, while it is sold for a fortieth or fiftieth part of the

volume's price. There is no other miracle of cheapness in comparison with its cost which at all approaches it. The Electric Telegraph has perched the multiplication of journals in the great cities, by enormously increasing the cost of publishing each of them. *The Tribune*, for example, now pays more than \$100,000 per annum, for intellectual labor (reporting included) in and about its office, and 100,000 more for correspondence and telegraphing—in other words, for collecting and transmitting news. And, while its income has been largely increased from year to year, its expenses have inevitably been swelled even more rapidly; so that, at the close of 1866, in which its receipts had been over \$900,000, its expenses had been very nearly equal in amount, leaving no profit beyond a fair rent for the premises it owned and occupied. And yet its stockholders were satisfied that they had done a good business—that the increase in the patronage and value of the establishment amounted to a fair interest on their investment, and might well be accepted in lieu of a dividend. In the good time coming, with cheaper paper and less exorbitant charges of "cable dispatches" from the Old World, they will doubtless reap where they have faithfully sown. Yet they realize and accept the fact that a journal radically hostile to the gainful arts whereby the cunning and powerful live live sumptuously without useful labor, and often amass wealth, by pandering to lawless sensuality and popular vice, can never hope to enrich its publishers so rapidly nor so vastly as though it had a soft side for Liquor Traffic, and for all kindred allurement to carnal appetite and sensual indulgence.

Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches takes wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion—no man can force what a day may bring forth; and those who cheer to-day will often curse to-morrow; and yet I cherish the hope that the journal I projected and established will live and flourish long after I shall have moldered into forgotten dust, being guided by larger wisdom, a more unerring sagacity to discern the right, though not by a more unflinching readiness to embrace and defend it at whatever personal cost; and that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future eyes the still intelligible inscription, "Founder of *THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE*."

## FOR A HOME.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the dusty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all left and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their hearthstones, it will be sought at other and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore let the grate burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children. Half an hour of merriment, round the lamp and freelight of a home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

According to the Postmaster General's report, not less than a million letters were mailed last year, without signatures, and misdirected, or so badly directed that the address was wholly unintelligible. These were destroyed. More than a million and a half others—1,611,686—were restored to their writers by the care of the dead-letter office. Thus it seems that at least two and a half million of mistakes were made, in an operation which one would think likely to enlist the sufficient care of the writer, the addressing of a letter. These letters contained nearly \$150,000 in money, bills of exchange, deeds, checks, &c., and the value of over \$5,000,000, and over 49,000 contained photographs, jewelry, &c.

GOOD ADVICE.—If your coat is comfortable wear it two or three months longer—no matter if the glass is off. If you have no wife get one. If you have one, bless God; stay at home with her, leave the bar-room and gambling table—these are expensive luxuries where men beggar their families and blow out their brains in remorse. Be honest, frugal, plain; strive to make others happy around you, and if you are in debt you will soon get out. If your circumstances are now embarrassing they will soon become easy, no matter who may be President or what may be the price of stock.—J. L. Hervey.

The Post-office Department is said to be experimenting on a new kind of postage stamp with a view to its introduction.

Two thousand men have, during the past ten years, been killed in English coal mines.

## EPICURISM.

The conundrum and epigram, says the *New York Commercial*, are perhaps the most appropriate dishes in which to serve up light wit. The effect is about the same in each. The methods of the two are different. The conundrum states a proposition, and requires an answer without a demonstration. The epigram argues the question and reaches a logical conclusion. The epigram is slow. The conundrum is quick. The latter requires accuracy of statement, the former consisting of argument. In fact, the epigram is a labored conundrum. Both depend generally upon a play upon words. To illustrate: "Why is there no hereafter for chickens? Because they have their necks twisted in this." Here no one is supposed to question the conclusion. If any one should do so, reasoning may be resorted to, thus:

Tis plain that chickens have no hope  
For a world of future bliss,  
Since fate declares that they should have  
Their necks world (necks) twisted in this.

This gives the exact difference between two popular watering places: "Saratoga and Newport—you've seen them," said Charley, one morning, to Joe; "Pray tell me the difference between them. For better my wing if I know!"

Quoth Joe, "Tis the easiest matter  
At once to distinguish the two—  
At the one you go into the water,  
At the other it goes into you."

Mathew Arnold throws out some useful hints to poets, thus: What poets feel, when they take  
A pleasure in creating,  
The world is to turn, will not take  
Pleasure in contemplating.

What have the women to say to this:  
Women were born, so fate declares,  
To smooth our lives and our cares;  
And 'tis but just, for by my teeth  
They're very apt to ruin both.

The Boston Post gives publicity to the following dialogue about the vexed question of the weather:

"I think," said Isabel, "the fearful sky  
Is weeping sadly—only heart's sigh."  
"Do not," said Quip, "commiserate its woes,  
It does not weep—it only blows its snows."

It were not difficult nor altogether unpleasant to solve such chess problems as this. (Two pieces on the board; John to move and mate in two moves.)

John moves his arm round Julia's neck;  
She moves one square and whispers—  
"Check!"

He, nothing daunted, moves right straight  
His lips to hers, and calls out—"Mate."  
Coventry Patmore gives the following advice:

So let no man, in desperate mood,  
Wed a dull girl because she's good.  
To which one might add:  
And let no woman, in her plight,  
Wed a bad man because he's bright.

The Boston Post thus embodies Bonner and his newly purchased horse, Dexter:

"Fifty thousand for Dexter!" a cavalier  
cries.  
"Excuse me—let people believe it who  
can!"

"The building surprising," a crony replies,  
"For Bonner was always a 'Dexterous' man!"

A soldier in the hospital, who had his left leg amputated, addressing the detached party, thus turns the calamity to his advantage:

Strange paradox! 'tis in the fight  
Where I of this was thus bereft,  
I lost my left leg for "the right,"  
And yet the right is the one that's left!

## THE PUBLIC DEBT.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—The following is the statement of the public debt.

Total bearing coin interest	\$1,410,377,501 50
Total bearing currency interest	379,264,489 29
Matured debt not presented for payment	14,783,307 83
Debt bearing no interest	103,453,527 15
Total debt	\$2,907,882,825 77
Amount in Treasury, coin	100,000,000 00
Currency	37,475,715 21
Total	\$137,475,715 21
Debt less cash in Treasury	\$2,770,407,110 56

It is worth notice, remarks the *Tribune*, that the incessant clamor against Congress as reckless, profligate, revolutionary, &c., is based on acts that Congress has never sanctioned. Mr. Stevens makes a Confession speech, which not one Member of Congress has seconded; yet the country rings with denunciation of it as showing the malignant animus of "the Radicals." So with project after project which Congress has listened to, because it must, but refused to adopt. We challenge History for another instance wherein a triumphant Nation has dealt so forbearingly with a crushed Rebellion as ours has done.

The perseverance of the Union Pacific Railroad Company in the face of many obstacles, has carried the line to a point nearly five hundred and twenty miles west of Omaha, beyond Cheyenne, to the western base of the Rocky mountains. On the 1st of July the receipt of the Union Pacific Road, then in operation to Julesburg 377 miles, amounted to \$1,015,195.29, and its expenses to \$658,880.54; leaving the net earnings \$356,314.75.—*State Guard*.

A CHINESE maxim says:—"We require four things of woman. That virtue dwell in her heart; that modesty play on her brow; that sweetness flow from her lips; that industry occupy her hand."

## BANKRUPT LAW.

Two hundred and twenty-six cases in bankruptcy have been filed up to Nov. 19th in the Western U. S. Judicial District. In the 21st Congressional District thirteen cases have been filed, eight of which are in Washington county, three in Greene and one in Beaver.

There is unnecessary delicacy and hesitancy in some debtors in availing themselves of the wise benefits (in most cases) of this law. It is a just and proper law in the main and should have been passed years ago. We give below answers to important questions connected with the law, from an exchange:

Who may take advantage of this law?  
Any person or firm who owes debts to the amount of three hundred dollars or upward, whether they be individual or partnership debts or both, and it makes no difference what is the character of the indebtedness, whether it be by bill, note, account, judgment, as principal, or surety, or otherwise.

What does the law demand of the applicant?  
That he shall surrender his property, except such as is hereafter mentioned, to his creditors, for a pro rata distribution among them.

What does the law permit the applicant to keep?  
First—Household and kitchen furniture and necessaries to the amount of \$500.

Second—The wearing apparel of himself and family.

Third—The uniform, arms and equipments of any person, who is or has been, a soldier in the militia or the service of the United States.

Fourth—If the applicant is the head of a family, his homestead, to the value of \$500. If he has no homestead, then in lieu thereof, money or other personal property to the value of \$300.

If the applicant has only so much property as is above enumerated of course he has nothing to give up to his creditors.

The result of taking the benefit of this law is a discharge from all indebtedness. In cases where there is no contest, it requires from sixty to ninety days to procure this discharge.

This law went into operation on the first day of June, 1867, and persons who propose to avail themselves of its advantage should do so as soon as possible, as they cannot do so after one year from its commencement, unless they can pay fifty cents on the dollar of their indebtedness, or get the consent of a majority in number and value of their creditors.—*Washington (Pa.) Reporter*.

## WE ARE NOT DEAD.

That excellent paper, the *State Guard*, recently started at Harrisburg, has the following: Some of our Democratic contemporaries are laboring under an hallucination. They have seen an apparition, and are deluded with the idea that victory to them, like Hamlet's father's ghost, has come within the range of their vision for the purpose of revealing some dreadful secret, and the secret is that the Republican party is dead. Mr. Andrew Johnson is imbued with the same idea. He too, labors under an hallucination. He has flattered himself that the result of the late elections killed the Republican party. But the organs of Democracy, as well as the tool, the President, are sadly mistaken, for the reason that there is as much vitality, faith, principle and patriotism in the Republican party as when that organization stood out boldly and alone in the defence of the Government. There is no denying the fact that the elements of Republicanism are now working out the salvation of the South. Nor can there be any escape from the truth that the same party has fostered the mechanical enterprise and commercial energy of the North. The late elections were no indication of popular feeling on any question at present at issue between loyal men and traitors, so far as their effects could interfere for or against the settlement of such issues. No officer was elected in the Northern States who will have any power in the settlement of these questions, and in many cases the men who felt most solicitous on the subject of reconstruction were the most indifferent as to the result of the elections. But such was not the case with our Democratic opponents. They are hungry for political power. They wanted some sort of a show of victory, and stole a march on our friends, which they now want as a triumph. Of course they are welcome to their boasting, if that is all they need to make them happy. But we desire they do not mistake the condition of the Republican party. It is a live organization. Free Government never had a purer representative, Justice was never more observed by any political organization. Treason, never had so invincible an opponent. To the contrary, it is life and health and prosperity. Without it, liberty would not to-day have an abiding place in the United States. It saved the Union, and is destined to purify the executive branch of the Government. Hereafter, when great principles are at stake, the Republican party will win great political victories. This is a fact which the Democracy should not fail seriously to consider, as it may save them a large amount of means, a great deal of labor, and incalculable mortification.

Some people think that their subscription to a newspaper obligates the editor to advocate their own peculiar views on all questions which affect the public, forgetting that an editor should be an independent thinker, honest enough to give his opinions, and let his readers judge of what they are worth. To those who are ready to say and write, "Stop my Paper," because the editor expresses his honest opinion formed after careful research and mature deliberation, we commend the following little story:

A certain man hit his toe against a pebble and fell headlong to the ground. He was vexed, and, under the influence of anger and self-sufficiency, he kicked mother earth right saucily. With impetuous gravity, he looked to see the earth itself dissolve and come to naught. But the earth remained, and only his poor foot was injured in the encounter.

This is the way of man. An article in a newspaper to which he is a weak spot, and straight away he sends to "Stop his paper!" With great self-complacency he looks to see the crash when the object of his spleen shall cease to be. Poor fool, he has only hit his own toe against a world that does not perceptibly feel the shock, and injures to a slight extent no but himself.

The Cleveland Herald says that the road by which Weston entered that city looks as though an army had passed over it. "Buggies minus a wheel or a shaft; pieces of harness, hats and caps are strewn along this road in endless confusion. It is estimated that the damage to buggies alone will amount to \$1,000."

At Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church last Sunday week, the rite of baptism was administered with water brought from the river Jordan, and the wine used at the communion came from Jerusalem. The water and wine were presented from Captain Duncan, of the Palestine expedition.

# Terms of Advertising.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at \$1.50 per square for three insertions, and 50 cents per square for each additional insertion (ten lines as the contained a square). All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.  
Business Notices set under the head of local news will be charged invariably 10 cents a line for each insertion.  
A liberal deduction made to persons advertising by the quarter, half-year or year. Special notices charged one-half more than regular advertisements.  
FOR PRINTING of every kind in Plain and Fancy colors: Hand-bills, Planks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The *Waynesburg Republican* has just been re-fitted, and every thing in the printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rate.

## A SCOTCHMAN ON MIRACLES.

"Well, you may say what you please," said Smith, "I, for my part, cannot believe that God would first impose laws on nature, and then violate them. What would be the use of making them if they are to be so readily set aside?"

"I dinna ken, sir," said uncle; "what God may do, or what he wina do; but I don't regard a miracle to be a violation of the laws of nature. There's nae violation of the laws of nature, or rather the laws of God, that I ken of, save the wicked actions of wicked men."

"And what then," asked Smith, "do you make a miracle to be?"

"I regard it," said uncle, "to be merely such an interference with the established course of things, as infallibly shows us the presence and the action of a supernatural power. What o'clock is it w' you, sir, if you please?"

"It's half-past twelve, exactly—Greenwich time," replied Smith.

"Well, sir," said uncle, pulling a huge old time-piece from his pocket, "it's one o'clock w' me; I generally keep my watch a little forrit. (A little forward.) But I may have a special reason the noo for setting my watch by the railway; and so, ye see, I'm turning the hands of o' accore. Noo wad ye say that I have violated the laws of a watch? Trus, I have done violence to none o' its laws. My action is only the interference of a superior intelligence for a suitable end, but I have suspended nae law, violated nae law. Well, then, instead of o' the watch, say the universe; instead of moving the hands, say God acting wholly of himself, and we've a't that I contend for in a miracle; that is the unquestionable presence of an Almighty hand working the Divine will. And if he sees fit to work miracles, what can hinder him? He has done it oftener than once or twice already; and wha daurs say that He'll not get leave to do't again?"

## A FAIR HIT.

Senator "Zack" Chandler, who is not always in the best of taste, perpetrated a really capital joke the other day, by the introduction of the following joint resolution:

WHEREAS, We are at peace with all Sovereign Powers and States; And whereas, Hostilities have unhappily commenced between the Government of Great Britain and the King of Abyssinia;

And whereas, We being at peace with the Government of Grant Britain and with the King of Abyssinia; therefore,

Resolved, That we do now declare our determination to maintain a strict and impartial neutrality in the contest between the said contending parties, granting to the flag of each belligerent the same rights privileges and immunities, both upon land and water.

The above is a verbatim copy of a proclamation issued on the 14th of May, 1861, simply changing the name of the "United States" to "Great Britain," and the "Confederate States" to "Abyssinia." Mr. Chandler thinks it only just and right that we should observe the same courtesy towards Great Britain that she did toward us. The resolution went over under the rule.

## Stopping a Newspaper.

Some people think that their subscription to a newspaper obligates the editor to advocate their own peculiar views on all questions which affect the public, forgetting that an editor should be an independent thinker, honest enough to give his opinions, and let his readers judge of what they are worth. To those who are ready to say and write, "Stop my Paper," because the editor expresses his honest opinion formed after careful research and mature deliberation, we commend the following little story:

A certain man hit his toe against a pebble and fell headlong to the ground. He was vexed, and, under the influence of anger and self-sufficiency, he kicked mother earth right saucily. With impetuous gravity, he looked to see the earth itself dissolve and come to naught. But the earth remained, and only his poor foot was injured in the encounter.

This is the way of man. An article in